THE DAYTONA GAZETTE-NEWS.

Published Every Saturday.

EDW. FITZGERALD, PUBLISHER.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
$1.50 per Annum, Strictly in Advance.
Single Copy Five Cents.

ADVERTISING RATES:
Display, 10c per Inch Each Insertion.
Readers, 10c per Line Each Insertion.

☞Communications on live topics of local interest solicited. Anything pertaining to personal grievences or quarrels will not be published except over the writer's signature, and at our regular advertising rates.

Entered at the Postoffice at Daytona, Florida, as Second Class Matter.

Saturday, Nov. 16, 1901.

THANKSGIVING PROCLAMATION.

Gov. William S. Jennings has issued the usual annual Thanksgiving proclamation, which will be generally observed throughout Florida. The proclamation issued is as follows:

"In accordance with a time-honored custom, and in conformity with the proclamation of the President of the United States of America, I, William S. Jennings, Govenor of the State of Florida, do recommend the observance of Thursday, the 28th day of November present, as a day of thanksgiving and praise to Almighty God for His mercy and great goodness vouchsafed to our State and people.

"We have received from our forefathers the principles upon which is founded a government deriving its just powers from the consent of the governed. No people enjoy more freedom of action, wider individual responsibility and greater protection than those living within our borders.

"The justness of our laws and the stability of our institutions as means of securing personal liberty, and of protecting life and property have been severely tested by those among us who were not reared under our form of government, and who have been taught to obey leaders instead of the law.

"We should feel profoundly thankful that the grave situations which have been presented to our officers and people have been met and controlled by peaceful means, under the beneficence and power of our wholesale laws.

"During this year the State has suffered a disastrous conflagration that left 10,000 of our fellow citizens homeless and temporarily without means. The sufferers had the hearty sympathy and the generous assistance of the people of our common country. This terrible calamity has been borne with heroic fortitude and its losses are being rapidly overcome.

"The population of the State is steadily increasing. Its resources are being developed and its advantages are receiving more general recognition. Unusual and successful efforts have been devoted to preparing the youth of the land for better citizenship by providing increased and improved educational facilities within the reach of all.

"With excellent health and encouraging prospects, our people are moving forward with confidence to a more extended prosperity.

"For all these other blessings we should be devoutly grateful.

"On the day thus set apart we should lay aside our usual business affairs and unite in giving thanks and praise to a wise and merciful Providence, invoking a continuance of His blessings to our people.

"In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the great seal of the State to be affixed.

"Done at the city of Tallahassee this 7th day of November, in the year of our Lord 1901, and of the independence of the United States the 126th.

[Seal.] "WILLIAM S. JENNINGS,
Governor."

By the Governor—Attest:
JOHN L. CRAWFORD,
Secretary of State.

Unknown Canada.

One-third of the area of Canada is practically unknown. There are more than 1,250,000 square miles of unexplored lands in Canada. The entire area of the Dominion is computed at 3,450,257 square miles; consequently one-third of this country has yet been untraveled by the explorer. Exclusive of the inhospitable detached arctic portions, 954,000 square miles are for all practical purposes entirely unknown.

Most of this unknown area is distributed in the western half of the Dominion in impenetrated blocks of from 25,000 to 100,000 square miles—that is, areas as large as the states of Ohio, Kansas or New England are yet a secret to white man.—National Geographic Magazine.

A Double Runaway.

"They have a new coachman at the Rippenbangers."

"What's the matter with the old one?"

"He let the horses run away."

"Did they run far?"

"Clear out into the suburbs."

"Anybody with him?"

"Yes, Mamie Rippenbanger. She and the coachman haven't got back yet."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

In a Great Hurry.

Benham—Why did that woman keep you standing at the door for half an hour?

Mrs. Benham—She said she hadn't time to come in.—Brooklyn Life.

FROM RAIN IN THE WOODS.

When on the leaves the rain insists,
And every gust brings showers down;
When all the woodland smokes with mists,
I take the old road out of town
Into the hills through which it twists.

I find the vale where catnip grows,
Where boneset blooms, with wetness bowed—
The vale through which the red creek flows
Turpid with hill washed clay and loud
As some strange horn a wildman blows.

Like knots upon the gray barked trees
The lichen colored moths are pressed,
And, wedged in hollow blooms, the bees
Seem clotted pollen; in its nest
The hornet creeps and lies at ease.

The butterfly and forest bird
Are huddled on the same gnarled bough
From which, like some rain voweled word
That dampness hoarsely utters now,
The tree toad's voice is vaguely heard.

I crouch and listen, and again
The woods are filled for me with forms;
Weird, elfin shapes in train on train
Arise, and now I feel the arms
Around me of the wraiths of rain.

O wraiths of rain! O trailing mist!
Still fold me, hold me and pursue!
Still let my lips by yours be kissed!
Still draw me with your hands of dew
Unto the tryst, the dripping tryst!

—Madison Cawein in Atlantic.

WHAT MRS. JOHNNIE DID

"Whatever you do, don't take the 12:10," Tom had said when at breakfast Mrs. Johnnie declared her intention of running up to town. "It's slow and awfully dusty and there's generally a rowdy crowd aboard. Wait for the 2:05 express."

But no sooner had Tom taken his departure than Mrs. Johnnie decided to do nothing of the sort. She was a bustling little body, forever on the go, and when once an idea crept into that clever little head of hers she was inclined to carry it through to a finish in her own particular way.

Consequently Mrs. Johnnie did take the 12:10 local, and within five minutes' time she was wishing devoutly that she had followed Tom's advice, for it was hot and dusty, and they were crawling along at a snail's pace, and there were some rough looking customers on board, and—well, oh, dear! After all, Tom did know what he was talking about occasionally.

At the far end of the car a young woman was sitting. She looked so young that one might almost have called her a child in spite of the fact that her pretty brown hair was twisted up on the top of her head in a vain imitation of the latest fashion and the (to Mrs. Johnnie) most atrocious fact that her cheeks were covered with rouge.

Mrs. Johnnie gathered her belongings together and set out to take possession of the seat just in front of the young girl, and then, half turning, she scrutinized the young woman at her leisure. She could do so without rudeness, for the girl was gazing out of the window, and her thoughts seemed to be far away. "It's a sweet little face," thought Mrs. Johnnie, "and I don't care if it is painted it's innocent and trustful. Her dress fits her abominably, but she has a glorious pair of eyes. She's a positive anomaly. I'm going to introduce myself."

The girl turned her head just at that moment, and as their eyes met both of them smiled, and each perceived for the first time that the other wore the little silver Maltese cross of the King's Daughters. They needed no introduction after that. Mrs. Johnnie moved into the seat with her, and they were soon the best of friends. It did not take Mrs. Johnnie very long to gain the particulars of her story. She had never been to the city before, she said; indeed, except for some little excursion now and then, she had never left her home, which was in a little village on the coast of Long Island. She was so glad to have some one to talk to, for of course she was feeling a bit lonely. Then she told Mrs. Johnnie that her name was Daisy—Daisy Hope—and that she was an orphan with just one sister. Her name was Sophie, and she was married now. They had always been the very best of friends—she and Sophie—until Dan Hackett came along. Nowadays, she added with a sigh, Sophie had eyes for no one but Dan.

"But I shan't mind it so much now," she added, suddenly brightening up again, "now that I'm going to be married too."

"Married!" exclaimed Mrs. Johnnie in astonishment. "You don't mean to tell me so! When is it coming off, and what's his name?"

"Yes, we're going to be married right away—Jack and me. This isn't very much of a trousseau, is it?" she added, with an expressive gesture toward her old fashioned carpetbag and two paper parcels. "But Jack said that wouldn't matter. He could fix me up when I came to town. He told me in his letter not to bring anything along; my country dresses would never do for New York, he said. So I've left them all at home there, hanging up in my closet—all except my new pink one I got at Easter. It's so pretty I couldn't bear to leave that behind. I guess it will do for the mornings, now and then.

"But wasn't it awfully good of Jack, though? He sent me this dress to wear on the way up and this diamond, pointing to a huge brooch that sparkled at her throat, but which Mrs. Johnnie eyes pronounced to be very bad paste. "And there was a box of complexion salve he sent me too. I've put some of it on just to please him, but I can't say that I like it very much. It itches and feels horrid. Do all ladies paint in New York?"

At another time Mrs. Johnnie would have burst out laughing, but just a present matters were taking too serious a turn. Mrs. Johnnie was beginning to wonder very much.

"But when are you to be married, my dear?" she asked hastily. "You have not answered my question yet. And what does Sophie say? For, of course you've told her all about it."

The girl hung her head, and Mrs. Johnnie could see her blushes even in spite of the rouge.

"You see, it's this way: Jack hates a fuss and all that. He said for us to get married first and then let Sophie know. That was the hardest thing I had to do—leaving her without a word of goodby. But Jack knows best, I suppose. Only I wish"—

"Excuse me, Daisy, you mustn't think me impertinent for asking all these questions, my dear. Is Jack going to meet you at the station?"

"Well, no, not exactly. He's so busy at this time of day, you know. That's one reason why he sent the dress and things. He said in his letter that he had shown them to a lady friend of his. She's to meet me at the ferry and take charge of me till he comes."

"Oh! And how long did you say you have known a—a—Jack?"

The girl hung her head again. "I saw him first about six weeks ago. He came down on one of the yachts. He came down twice on Sunday after that, and he's written ever so often."

Mrs. Johnnie laid her hand tenderly upon the young girl's arm. "And do you really think, my dear Daisy, that you know him well enough to marry him? Wouldn't it be wiser to wait a bit and take your sister into your confidence? Why not ask Jack to wait a year for you and then see how matters stand? He'll wait for you gladly enough if he's really in earnest."

"Why should I keep him waiting?" she answered. "He loves me. Isn't that enough? I love and trust him entirely, and he does the same by me? Isn't that enough?"

Mrs. Johnnie did not answer for a moment. Her lips were pressed tightly together, for, to tell the truth, Mrs. Johnnie was making up her mind to adopt a desperate measure. This car half full of men was certainly no place for a scene, and Mrs. Johnnie began to realize that if she proceeded to do her duty by this little girl a scene was bound to come. The train was just slowing up for a moment at a little wayside station.

"Well, my dear, I hope sincerely that you will find it is enough," she said. Then, springing up suddenly, she grasped the carpetbag and her own belongings.

"Hurry up, my child!" she exclaimed, giving the girl a little push. "Here's where we change cars, you know. Come along!"

"But I thought this train"—

"Now, my dear, that's just what you mustn't do. Don't think, but follow my instructions."

Before the girl had realized what she was doing Mrs. Johnnie had bundled her out on to the station platform. The train moved slowly out. Mrs. Johnnie watched it disappear with a sigh of relief, and then she turned to the bewildered girl and spoke to her very gently:

"Let us walk over to the little hotel, Daisy. We shall have to wait there half an hour. Perhaps we can secure a room there, for I want to have a little talk with you."

In speaking of it afterward Mrs. Johnnie always declared that to her the walk from the station to the hotel was by far the saddest part of all that day's ordeal. It was then that the magnitude of the work she had to do dawned upon her for the first time. Before they two should be standing on that platform again Jack, the young girl's idol, must be shattered and thrown from its pedestal. To Mrs. Johnnie fell the task of displaying him in his true colors, and, though it was a task which she shrank instinctively from in perspective, when the time came Mrs. Johnnie was not found wanting. She never told any one—not even Tom—the particulars of what occurred in that little room, but when the train from New York came rushing along half an hour later the semaphore was hoisted as a signal to stop and the two women stepped silently on board.

Both of them had tear stained faces, but there was no rouge on the young girl's face now. Her hair hung simply down her back, and she wore her pretty pink dress. That night, when Mrs. Johnnie reached her own home, after quite a long combat with sister Sophie, Tom was told just as many of the particulars as Mrs. Johnnie thought fit.

When she had finished, he was silent for a moment or two, while he exhausted his stock of anathemas upon Jack. Then, turning his attention to the woman in the case, he exclaimed, "Well, of all the little fools"—

But Mrs. Johnnie interrupted him suddenly.

"Don't call her that, dear," she added as she kissed him. "Just thank God that I took the 12:10."

White Lies.

One would hardly dare to ask a friend to dine in so many words, says a writer in The Spectator, if it were not permissible for him to make the false reply that he was sorry he was engaged and could not come.

Ordinary social intercourse, instead of becoming more direct, would have to be carried on by an elaborate system of hints; otherwise society would become, metaphorically speaking, a bear garden in which sensitive persons would be battered to death. It would be impossible to get used to being told "I do not like you, and your friends bore me," or "I could come quite easily, but I do not care to identify myself with the very second rate people among whom you live."

Neither could we improve matters by reversing the ordinary procedure and allowing the guests to invite themselves.

The rebuff of being refused hospitality would be almost unbearable.

A Child's Bath.

A tepid bath for a child should have a temperature from 85 to 90 degrees F. and a hot bath 98 3-5 degrees F., which, as I said before, is the normal temperature of the inside of the body. This will cause relaxation in case of convulsion or sweating in case of fever. The water should be gradually heated until the hand of the mother finds it noticeably warm, care being had always to remember the extreme delicacy and sensitiveness of a child's skin.

In case of debility and for scrofulous children and those threatened with rickets a salt water bath every morning, either hot or cold, according to season, is very valuable. To prepare this bath use four ounces of sea salt to four gallons of water. Let the child play in the water a little while, then rub the body briskly with a Turkish towel till the skin is in a glow.

To make a good mustard bath use two ounces of powdered mustard to four gallons of water. This is excellent as a footbath and relieves congestion of the head and is often useful in the first stages of a cold on the chest. In cases of extreme exhaustion and threatened collapse a child can be immersed up to its neck, and the bath will act as a stimulant, but whenever one is using a hot bath for any reason the head should always be sponged with cold water.—Pilgrim.

Florida East Coast Ry.

Time Table No. 35. In Effect Sept. 1, 1901.

SOUTH BOUND (Read Down.) (Read Up) NORTH BOUND.

No. 11 Daily ex. Su	No. 35 Daily	No. 35 Daily	STATIONS.	No. 78 Daily	No. 32 Daily	No. 13 Daily ex. Su
	5 00p	10 00a	Lv Jacksonville Ar	7 00p	9 00a	
	5 08p	10 08a	" So. Jacksonville Lv	6 52p	8 52a	
	6 15p	11 15a	" St. Augustine "	5 50p	7 50a	
	6 48p	11 47a	" Hastings "	5 14p	7 15a	
	7 00p	12 08p	" East Palatka "	4 58p	7 00a	
	7 34p	12 34p	" Neoga "	4 19p	6 25a	
	7 47p	12 52p	" Bunnells "	4 07p	6 12a	
	7 52p	12 58p	" Dupont "	4 00p	6 07a	
	8 20p	1 25p	" Ormond "	3 38p	5 36a	
	8 30p	1 37p	" Daytona "	3 22p	5 20a	
	8 40p	1 47p	" Port Orange "	3 12p	5 10a	
5 30a	9 00p	2 07p	" New Smyrna "	2 53p	5 00a	2 25p
5 53a		2 30p	" Oak Hill "	2 30p		2 02p
6 50a		3 05p	" Titusville "	1 52p		1 35p
		3 49p	" Cocoa "	1 19p		
		3 46p	" Rockledge Junction "	1 16p		
		4 16p	" Eau Gallie "	12 48p		
		4 25p	" Melbourne "	12 37p		
		5 05p	" Sebastian "	11 57a		
		5 38p	" St. Lucie "	11 11a		
		6 05p	" Fort Pierce "	11 03a		
		6 24p	" Tibbals "	10 36a		
		6 2?p	" Eden "	10 22a		
		6 39p	" Jensen "	10 27a		
		6 49p	" Stuart "	10 17a		
		7 12p	" Hobe Sound "	9 46a		
		7 25p	" West Jupiter "	9 33a		
		7 57p	" West Palm Beach "	9 00a		
		8 21p	" Boynton "	8 33a		
		8 30p	" Delray "	8 23a		
		9 15p	" Fort Lauderdale "	7 35a		
		9 57p	" Lemon City "	6 53a		
		10 05p	Ar Miami Lv	6 45a		

Buffet Parlor Cars on Trains 35 and 78.

No. 21 Sund Only	No. 19 Sund Only	No. 17 Daily	No. 15 Daily ex. Su	MAYPORT BRANCH.	No. 16 Daily	No. 18 Daily	No. 20 Sun Only
2 00p	10 10a	6 15p	8 30a	Lv Jacksonville Ar	7 45a	5 45p	12 30p
2 08p	10 18a	6 23p	8 38a	" So. Jacksonville "	7 37a	5 37p	12 22p
2 40p	10 50a	6 55p	9 10a	" Pablo Beach "	7 05a	5 05p	11 50a
2 48p	10 55a	7 00p	9 15a	" Atlantic Beach "	7 00a	5 00p	11 45a
3 00p	11 10a	7 15p	9 30a	Ar Mayport Lv	6 45a	4 45p	11 30a

No. 3 Daily	No. 5 Daily	No. 9 Daily	No. 7 Daily	No. 11 Daily	PALATKA BRANCH	No. 4 Daily	No. 6 Daily	No. 8 Daily	No. 10 Daily	No. 12 Daily
7 30p	6 35p	4 35p	12 30p	11 55a	8 55a Lv Palatka Ar	6 30a	7 25a	12 25p	1 20p	5 20p
7 50p	6 55p	4 55p	12 50p	12 15p	6 55a Ar East Palatka Lv	6 10a	7 05a	12 05p	1 00p	5 00p

No. 57 Daily	No. 45 Daily	SAN MATEO BRANCH.	No. 46 Daily	No. 58 Daily
7 55p	5 20a	Lv East Palatka Ar	6 05a	2 40p
8 15p	5 40a	Ar San Mateo Lv	5 45a	2 20p

No. 1 Daily ex. Su	ORANGE CITY BRANCH.	No. 3 Daily ex. Su	No. 11 Daily Ex Su	SANFORD BRANCH.	No. 13 Daily ex. Su
3 10p	Lv New Symrna Ar	6 40p	7 05a	Lv Titusville Ar	1 30p
4 21p	" Lake Helen Lv	5 30p	7 18a	" Mims Lv	1 07p
4 29p	" Orange City "	5 14p	8 33a	" Osteen "	11 53a
4 45p	Ar Orange City Jc "	5 05p	8 55a	" Enterprise "	11 30a
			9 30a	Ar Sanford "	11 00a

These Time Tables show the times at which trains may be expected to arrive and depart from the several stations, but their arrival or departure at the times stated is not guaranteed, nor does the Company hold itself responsible for any delay or any consequences arising therefrom.

PENINSULAR AND OCCIDENTAL STEAMSHIP CONNECTIONS AT MIAMI.

BETWEEN MIAMA, KEY WEST AND HAVANA.

Leave Miami Mondays and Fridays....10 05 pm
Arrive Key West Tues. and Saturdays. 1 00 pm
Leave Key West Tues. and Sundays... 7 30 pm
Arrive Havana Weds. and Mondays.. 5 30 am
Leave Havana Weds. and Saturdays....10 [illegible]m
Arrive Key West Weds. and Sats..... 6 [illegible]m
Leave Key West Thus. and Suns..... 4 [illegible]m
Arrive Miami Fridays and Mondays.... 6 00 am

For copy of local time card address any Agent.

J. D. RAHNER, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agent. ST. AUGUSTINE, FLA.